



I AVE MERCURIA!

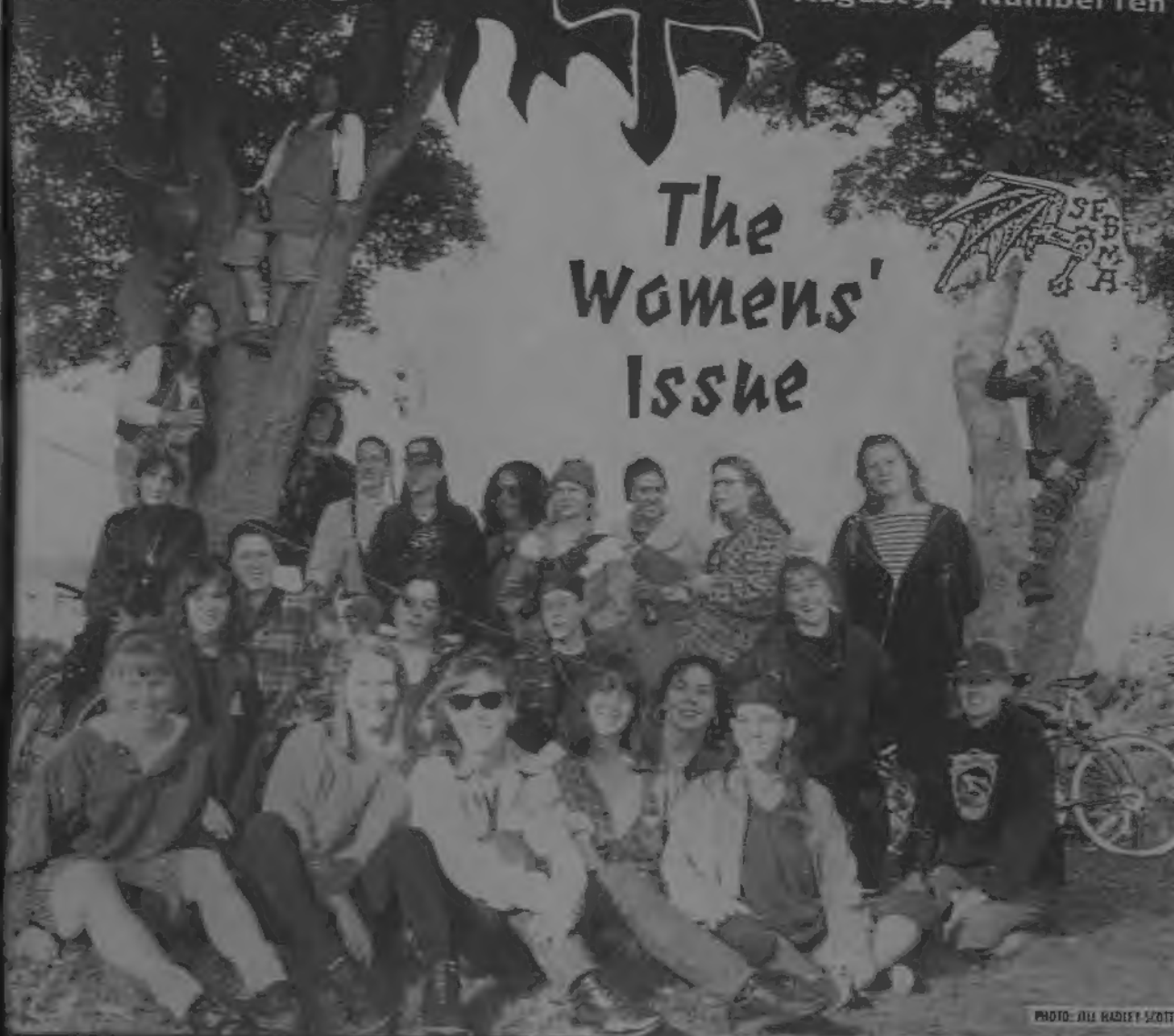
2018.103

MERCURY & RISING

Don't Kill the Messenger!

August 94 Number Ten

The Womens' Issue



~ Cartoons ~ Bands ~ Zines ~ 2nd Bike Messenger Bash in London ~ Bike Theft Report ~
~ Satan's Slingshot Soapbox Disaster ~ Ratiis Roadius ~ Reports From Afghanistan, Colombia and Chiapas ~
~ MR Plagiarized by Famous Novelist! ~ Columns ~ Street Friction & Whatever...

SAN FRANCISCO
BIKE MESSENGER
ASSOCIATION

Crew: Travis T. Moraché, C.C. Hsiang, Kathy Enquist, Ramin, Aleks Go Redskins, Stuart Coulthard, Diner, Danny Thompson, Lemonhead, Aesop

Ign Gurus: Travis, Hsiang, Kathy, Parté

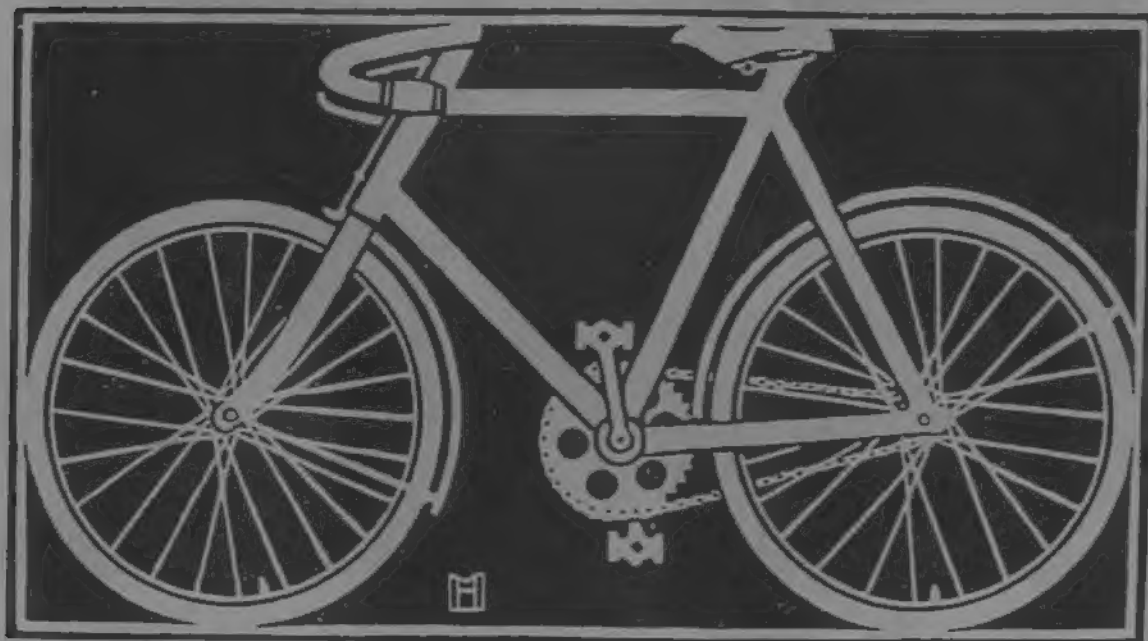
Jill Hadley-Scott, Travis, Fur, Tom Quinn



Art Department: Cathy Betz, Hsiang, Travis, Ramin, Dano, Tracy Vincent, Greta Snider, Lance Mitchell, Charmian St. John

Thanks to: Travis & Kathy for breaking the logjam, Chris & Jim @ Typesetting Etc., Greta Snider, Chris Bike•Not from London, Fur's mom and roommates, Buffalo Bill, Andy Capp, Achim & Stefan of Messenger Berlin, The Surrealist Group of Chicago, Carla Laser, Mishka et les femmes fatales, our patient advertisers and contributors, Juan Valdez, Jill Hadley-Scott, Eric Zones, Sam, Amy Craven, Nosmo King, Phil Micro, HARVEY woo, Bok Choy, SF Scorchers, Mercurius, & you yourself.

Mercury Rising/564 Mission Street/San Francisco CA, 94115



for Adam from Mark



CONTENTS

Mailrun	2
Bike Theft Report	3
Spokes	4
City Girl in the Country	6
Thaxton's Gauntlet	7
BAAR Report	8
Fastest?	11
London Calling	12
Sting on Puck	15
BongHead & BoneHead	16
How The West Was Packaged	17
Voice of the Zapatistas	18
Urban Green	22
Soapbox Derby	24
It Was Gross	25
True Confessions of a BM	26
Virtual Plagiarism	27
SFISS Photo Spectacular	28
8 'Zines That Rule	30
Mountebanks on the Loose	32
Merc Music/Inside Contact	33
Colombia Gets Around	34
Love, Deb	36
Ideology of Zoos	39
Retro and the Krypto Kid	40
Sting King	3
Fur	4
Cathy Betz	6
John Thaxton	7
Howard Williams	8
C. C. Hsiang	11
Buffalo Bill	12
Sting King	15
Charmian	16
Bicycle Boy	17
Marcos et al.	18
Stuart Coulthard	22
Parte King	24
Doreen	25
Rattus Roadius	26
Steve Mathiasson, Wm. Gibson	27
Travis T. Morache	28
Aesop & Matty	30
Fur	32
Fur	33
Fur	34
Debra Shaffner	36
Surrealist Group of Chicago	39
Lorenzo Levinger	40

it's - ©1994.
Issue TEN!
Mercury Rising
is published
occasionally by
various people.
I've just finished
my tenth cup of
coffee. I'm scared.



Mail Run

FELLOW BIKE MESSENGERS,

I am a bike messenger (since April '91) and a Wobbly. I first read about you in Processed World.

I don't know your subscription rates—if you have subscription rates, or if you're still publishing—so please send me five bucks worth of back issues.

And be careful out there.

Peace,

Micheal Stanek\ Chicago Illinois

MERCURY RISING,

Hello, I've read great reviews in Factsheet Five and I think maybe something in Mudflap, which pretty much says "Get It".

So... enclosed is a buck and my address.

Justin Lerohl\Minneapolis Minnesota

MERCURY RISING,

Greetings from Milwaukee, mighty northern city of beer & sleep! Enclosed my shitworthy publication, BIKER PRIDE! Wanna trade?

Peace, love & happiness

Sam Tracy\Milwaukee Wisconsin

YO MARKUS,

Hope your tour was cool. Ya'll totally rocked. Anyway, the reason I'm writing is that I'm putting together a book of bike messenger stories from around the world. I'm covering N. America, and my partner Uli is covering Europe. She's a courier I met in Frankfurt in CM C. She's also a book designer by education. Our plan is to assemble 100 stories and print in English, Spanish, German, and French. Uli is approaching some publishing houses over there for funding. I think we're going to put together a prototype to shop around. So this is where you come in. I need help getting these stories. If you or anyone you know would like to tell their story, have them call or write me. Or better yet, they can tell their story on audio tape & send it to me. We also need photographs. There will be some sort of compensation for works



if we can get it published.
thanks

*Steve Danyo/Flash Courier Service
426 Sinclair Ave, Atlanta GA 30307
404 873 5219*

DEAR MARKUS,

I've been trying to get in touch with a messenger Steve Matthiason. I heard via e-mail from his housemate that he wanted me to acknowledge his Mercury

Rising story as a source in the paperback of Virtual Light. I've already arranged for that to happen, but I can't seem to raise him via his friends e-mail address. I don't have e-mail myself, so it's been third and fourth party and maybe he hasn't gotten my messages.

Do you know him? Know anyone who does? If so, could you pass on my fax number and tell him I'm trying to get in touch?

Thanks

W. M. Gibson

They got in touch: Gibson groveled and gave Steve a rare 1st edition copy of The Difference Engine to compensate for his... well... plagiarism. On page 12 we compare the original with the imitation. —ed

ASALAAM ALAYKUM

(roughly translated as "Peace to you, dude")

I arrived here on the fourth after a good flight (in other words the plane didn't crash and I didn't lose my luggage).

On the way over I had a 12 hour layover in London. So I called up Buffalo Bill and made arrangements to see him.

B'Bill, Richard and Gelf (English for Jeff) impressed me as being All-Messenger kind of guys. I think they'll get this done in a proper & Gravy Dog sort of way. They reassured me that the days are August 12-14...

... Looking forward to seeing all of you. Please share this with Markus, Shur (for Shur!) and all others planning to go to London.

See you later, alligator.

Howard



Bike Theft Report

By Sting King



This issue stars Mike Chisom (Spar King #80), who has been the victim of 2 recent thefts. One day not too long ago Cheezy was picking up at 600 Harrison. He frame-locked his bike, leaning it against the column, in full view of the in-security guard at the lobby desk. 2 minutes later he returned to find an empty column, and unobservant slobby guard. "I thought someone was playing a joke on me. But when I looked around no one was laughing...that's when it hit me." A quick check of down Hawthorne turned up a "gangsta style white male early 20's carrying a duffle bag" on one shoulder and Cheezy's bike on the other. A quick slam to the wall caused the punk to drop the bike, and convinced him not to pursue the matter any further. Almost a happy ending...It seems when Mike hit the wall looking to form a posse, to further deter this punk from continuing his evil ways, he was met with whines of "it's not my bike". Get real! Any messenger's bike could be your bike. The pigs don't care, so we've got to take care of ourselves. Just remember, "The thief you kill today may have stolen your bike tomorrow".

On the night of May 18th, at the Chisom palace at Oak and Scott, some crackhead got into the backyard and managed to grab two bikes locked together. The thief must have climbed the fence, because otherwise they would have heard him. The next day Cheezy saw one of the bikes at Haight and Pierce. Unfortunately, it was under an ominous looking gent who was surrounded by "5 of his homies". Mike hurried to the nearest phone at Scott and Haight, where he called the donut-munchers and his wife. Both got there reasonably fast. Needless to say the pigs spun them around the block a few times, but were too pussy to go into the projects, claiming "our jurisdiction ends at Steiner." Once again the pigs turn out to be chicken. They sure act brave when they stop us for running lights. And they wonder why we hate them. Mike was too pumped up to remember what the guy looked like, but the bike is a metallic red Bridgestone MB-6, ladies gel tech seat, strapless toe clips, dorky riser handlebars, xt derailleurs, suntour shifters, and city slickers. The other bike was a green Schwinn, painted black but mostly worn off, with straight bars and a chrome rack.

**ALWAYS LOCK YOUR BIKE TO SOMETHING SOLID!
DON'T BOTHER CALLING THE COPS...THEY DON'T CARE!
CALL YOUR FRIENDS INSTEAD...IF THEY DON'T CARE WE'RE ALL FUCKED!!!**

If you have anything to report, contact me, Sting King at King Courier 150 8th St.

Until next issue: Don't be a victim!



JFB "Wow! There are really 25 bike messenger women?" That's how many showed up on short notice at Dolores Park on a Sunday, and we missed dozens and dozens. I was the only guy there, and I had goosebumps for hours. (Fortunately Victoria had invited Jill Haley-Scott, so we got good photos too.) Seeing so many of the women of our male-dominated profession at one time underscored for me that we are a family. So anyway, we got together as much 'womens' stuff as possible for this issue, 'cause that's the point.

JFB The media invasion of the San Francisco messenger scene gets more intense all the time. A couple of my co-workers have made the most of recent standby time being photographed for money, friends are being hunted down by CNN for interviews illuminating SF's wild bike 'zine subcultures, network TV nearly carried a btm sitcom, Critical Mass continues to generate tons of media blather, much of it featuring the messengers' role. We're used to raise the profile of charities like the AIDS Bike-a-thon. Have you checked out how many messenger images are used to sell stuff in the commercial bike press these days? And of course there's the Puck phenomenon, which thanks to Andrew (Sting) and his thoughtful comments (page 15), I can pretty much avoid talking about. Word is that he's hooked up with a big-time agency; I look forward to seeing him in the flix or something, minus the bike-messenger pretensions. Tom Mix and Roy Rogers probably thought they were cowboys, too. What's gratifying is that you never hear the old drivel the media used to sling about our impending disappearance ala Pony Express. Now it's clear that we're just visiting here, from the future.

JFB As I lay all drugged and listless in my bed at General the day after a shoulder surgery, my roommate came in and told me he had just seen a group of Western Messengers on their way to visit a fallen sister, Andrea, who had her pelvis broken by a car. Damn, we keep those hospitals busy. This got me thinking about what SFBMA is and what it could be. We spend thousands every week at the same few bars. If a couple hundred people siphoned off a mere 5 bucks a month and dumped it into some kind of emergency fund thing, that would be \$12,000 in a year, to help people and invest to keep the fund going. Or maybe you buy a t-shirt and get a membership card. This kind of thing has been discussed before over the years, Might work, I dunno... could strengthen the messenger community in a variety of ways.



JFB Hats off to Speedway's Steven, who is this issue's Labor Full-Guy. He got together with some fellow disgruntlers and made a very impressive attempt at getting some concessions from management based on increased demands being made on them by the new dress code. Solidarity was eroded by the lack of an immediate "pocketbook emergency," and by management's sensitive approach. There were even sandwiches and dervs on the day of a threatened work stoppage. I know how Steven must have felt. This rag was born after an embarrassing failure to call a strike at the now nearly-defunct Executive shop. America, Bongo, Melissa, Jennie and me realized there's no chance for any improvement in our working conditions without communications that cross company lines. That's still the main point, I think. So proj on Speedway rebels, we'll get justice if we keep pushing. The rumble from D.C. (says the New York Times) is that the Teamsters are pushing to organize the whole courier industry there. Old timers will remember that the Teamsters secured a San Francisco beachhead in the mid-80's when they organized Express Messenger— then a titan, now a puny route-type outfit. The Teamsters never made an effort to go city-wide, which was, well... inexplicable. Maybe they're going to get serious now.

JFB All aboard for London! 10 or 12 of us are going to ride for SF glory, and we'll also be kicking around plans for next year in Toronto, and '96 HERE IN SF! If you go to the 2nd annual World Bike Messenger party you're going to meet some rad people and have one of the times of your life. See page 12 for more info.

JFB Since at least the early 80's there has been a grand tradition of South of Market after-work parking lot drinking spots. The current favorite is the Now hangout. Between two parking lots there is a strip of toxic yet fertile earth where a guy named Zach has been growing stuff for years, and with the messengers' input, the Ledge has blossomed into a guerrilla garden paradise. The crops include: fava beans, red chard, beets, sage, mustard, 101 Cal chrysanthemums, geraniums, corn, salvia, hollyhocks, sunflowers, night-blooming jasmine, grapes and potatoes. No proj, but if you find the Ledge-garden, have a reverent puff: you're on hallowed ground.

JFB The founder of modern on-call messaging in SF, Carl Sparks, has passed on. He started several companies and took a piece of Aero to the grave. Well-placed sources say he shouldn't be blamed for that, and that he was a straight-shooting enthusiastic business dude. He gave the world the legendary Aero-bike. As of presstime, we had no obituary, but it would be great if someone will submit one for next issue, 'cause we need to send Mr. Sparks off properly.

JFB Sometimes I think I hinder MR as much as I help it. It's a community thing, but people think of it as Markus' thing because I'm the last guy who started it who's still involved, and also because of the way I am. I'm good at "fronting", like selling ads, getting people to contribute and stuff, but I could never make any of this happen without lots of production help, and I'm usually so disorganized and busy with my band and stuff, I can't manage to hook up with folks who want to help. So maybe we'll get the next issue out sooner and better if we set a date now...say Wednesday, Aug 24, 7:00 @ Brainwash (Folsom & Langton) to kick around all ideas for the magazine and how we can nurture it.

In Brazil, it's now illegal to talk on the phone while driving. I'm there! **JFB**

City Girl in the Country

No line
at the
BANK-

No car
alarms in
the middle
of the night

Deer
are
everywhere-

No roommates
finishing
off the good
leftovers-

Haven't had
to watch
insepid
beer ads-

Don't have
to share
the
bathroom-

There must
be a beer
in
here-

A Lesson in Balance

MC Betzo 1994

The BANK
is 6
miles
away-

Can only
pick up
AM radio
stations

No corner
store for
quick
buys-

Nobody
to
talk to

Haven't
seen
MST-3K
either-

The
bathroom
is
outside-

There must
be a beer
in
here-

END

OPEN FORUM John Thaxton

A Bike Messenger Replies



JOHN JAMISON (Open Forum, July 13) accuses San Franciscan bike messengers of reckless behavior, ruffianism and drug addiction. He is wrong on all three counts.

First, bike messengers supply the Financial District with a much needed service. If a messenger is seen threading through traffic and/or running a red light, it is only because of a deadline to meet and a customer to please. Bike messengers are, without a doubt, the most cost-effective service in the city. Who else would toil 10 or 12 blocks for a paltry sum of 90 cents?

In my decade of service to this community as a bike messenger, I have received two paid vacations, no paid holidays and no health coverage. This is standard fare for most messengers.

Secondly, bike messengers are not "ruffians." However, they do exhibit a high degree of esprit de corps. Many struggling artists in the music scene and other me-

diocrims are also bike messengers. I know how it feels to be exploited during the day, only to come home at night and give away one's art for free. Somewhere in the pockets of my hair shirt lies the maxim that money and art only corrupt each other.

Thirdly, marijuana use in American society crosses all social and economic boundaries. Ronald Reagan admitted to smoking marijuana at a party. President Clinton admitted to smoking pot but to not inhaling. Bike messengers are only guilty of using marijuana in an open setting, unlike all those white-collar types who secretly smoke weed in a closet somewhere.

Mr. Jamison is the type of individual who probably hangs out in a second-rate cafe, writing fourth-rate verse only to impress some possible sexual conquest. My glove is off, sir.

John Thaxton lives in San Francisco.

COMPLETE SECURITY

messengers discount

KRYPTONITE

LIC. NO. 535064

570 MISSION STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94105
LIC. NO. 535064
(415) 543-1660
FAX (415) 543-1775

PROUD SPONSORS OF

DANNY 16 & JOE 19

TO THE 94 LONDON GAMES

NOW

COURIER

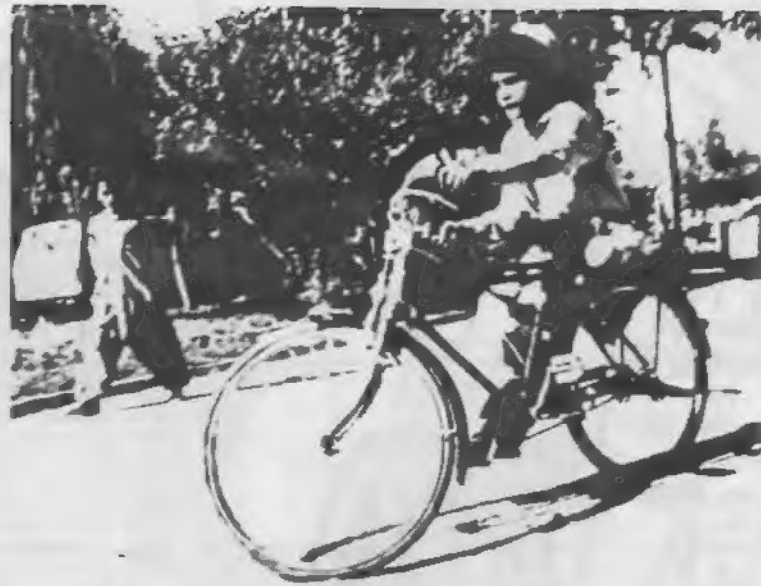
79 CLEMENTINA STREET SAN FRANCISCO CA 94105
415-904-4550



BAAR

ANNUAL REPORT SUMMARY

1993 marked the first full calendar year of BAAR operations in Jalalabad, Afghanistan. The year was eventful and we achieved several major goals.



In March we opened the first physical therapy clinic for female patients in Ningharhar Province (Afghanistan's second largest province in population).

On May 11, we sponsored a bike race for amputees and other disabled riders (such as boys with polio). Ninety-five riders participated with all but one completing the ten kilometer (6 mile) course over a dirt road. There were no injuries. The one rider who failed to finish had a broken pedal.

In July some of our staff became the first NGO (non-government organization) employees to visit the Jalalabad asylum for mentally and emotionally disabled. We donated ten electric fans (one for each room of the asylum).

Also in July, Dr. Abdul Baseer (Director of the Jalalabad Center)

and I visited Kabul-- Afghanistan's capital and largest city-- and the northern cities of Kunduz and Taloqan. In Kunduz we became the first NGO representatives to visit the representatives of Kunduz Province's disabled community. We studied the possibility of starting work in Taloqan or Kunduz. However, reaching these cities requires going through Kabul, where fighting is still going on.

On August 25 we celebrated our first anniversary in Jalalabad. A video was made of the celebration and is being translated and edited. Hopefully it will be ready this spring.

In October we opened a screening clinic in Jalalabad for Pakistan's Darus Salam Hospital. Darus Salam provides free reconstructive plastic surgery for people

with certain disabilities such as polio and burns contractures, club-foot and certain birth defects. Our screening clinic determines if disabled persons can be treated at Darus Salam and coordinates their surgery and treatment plan.

On December 25 we sponsored another bike race for disabled riders, this time in Peshawar, Pakistan. The race was held to honor Pakistan for providing refuge to nearly four million Afghans during the long war. Fifty-eight riders completed the 5-1/2 mile course. Again, there were no injuries. As in the May race, the Pakistan Cycling Federation's Peshawar chapter provided tremendous logistical support.

In 1993, 203 adult amputees graduated from the bicycle program. Thirty kids (amputees and polio) also graduated.

During the year our physical therapists treated 443 men, 379

women and 277 children. The 1993 total of 1,099 patients is expected to be surpassed in 1994.

In addition to the above, we try to help our trainees find jobs. In September, we placed five amputees in a prosthesis production training class and three more as security guards for another organization's guest house. Our bicycle mechanic Hyatt Khan teaches his craft to about eight amputee trainees each month. Some of his students are hired by us on an "as needed" basis when bicycle assembly (including wheel smithing) is required. Over 40 sewing machines have been awarded by us as prizes in our two bicycle races to help these amputees generate future income.

Our staff has remained very stable throughout the year as there were no resignations and only one dismissal from a staff of 31. About

one third of our personnel are amputees.

Those of you who bought T-shirts or assisted in other ways helped make all of this happen. Dr. Baseer and our staff in Jalalabad and Peshawar offices told me to thank you.

BAAR— Box 26650, San Francisco, CA 94126 / (415) 931-5901

News flash! Howard has recently put out a call for surplus two-way radios for refugee camps. They needn't be working, but at least repairable, ok? Speedway and Now have already responded. If your company can help, call Markus @ 904-4593 afternoons 4:30-6:30.



Chris Hsiang's new t-shirt design: buy it and help Howard and friends do important work!

Mag's We Like!

...HER COPY TYPING, JUST FOR A MINUTE, TO EXPLORE THE OFFICE CUPBOARDS, PAUSING ONLY TO RIP OFF XEROXES OF HER CRITICAL MASS FLYER AND FAX HER BROTHER A FUNNY DOODLE



NEED GREAT IDEAS FOR NEW
HERE?
NO!
ON ANMM... ER... DO YOU
CYCLE HOME?
NEVER
OH Y DO I WAS JUST GONNA
LET WHICH WAY YOU CAME IN TO
WORK!
LOOL, WORK'S A FUCKING
BRAD, LEAVE ME BEING A
BRADLY I WELL MAYBE ITS
JUST THE FEELING THATS THE
BRAD!
LISTEN I'M NOT SAYING I'M
STEALING THESE RING BINDERS
OH!
THEY'LL LOOK GREAT IN MY
HAT BYA WANTSOME!

BIKE.NOT

Chris,
c/o 56a Infoshop
56 Crampton St.
LONDON
SE17 5XK

Fax: 071 326 0353

So, okay at least the games up in the first paragraph. Yeah! I gotta bike and it sort of sat for a long time in my hallway with two flats, now I'm kinda objectifying it, making it out to be something else, caught up in a mood for it and all that (you decide). But I really feel it is precious and important (rips tea), you know like it can be so many things to me - a bike, a cool bike, a political bike, a weapon, a poem, a machine, momentum, some history of my life, a fucking joke or a fucking pain in the arse, a spaceship, OH! anything and everything.


Suspect

So I suspect that I'm just free-wheelin' shit on you about my bike because I suddenly had a feeling that it's a brilliant thing and a load of people on brilliant things is mighty. (I did get new tyres and innertubes sometime back (2 years) determined to ride more) and I now rode in London's second Critical Mass type thing and I'm flyering for the next one. I had a wonderful time on it and I read a load about Critical Mass in the States and wanted it to happen here because I loved the spirit of the thing and the way it works and all the fun, the fues and stuff.


There's plenty of inconsistency in my current bike love but I know it's true love - auto-capitalism

Unauthorized reprint from Bike•Not
a rad new London 'zine


We here at Mercury Rising are glad that Chris got new tubes&tyres and found true love with his bicycle...
We also hope to see more of BIKE•NOT here in the States.




think you're the fastest???



S.F.



JUST RIDE IT!



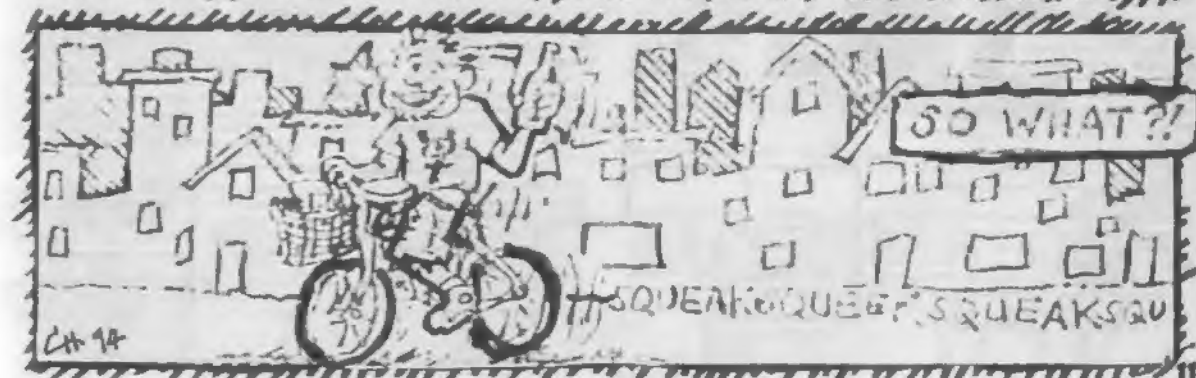
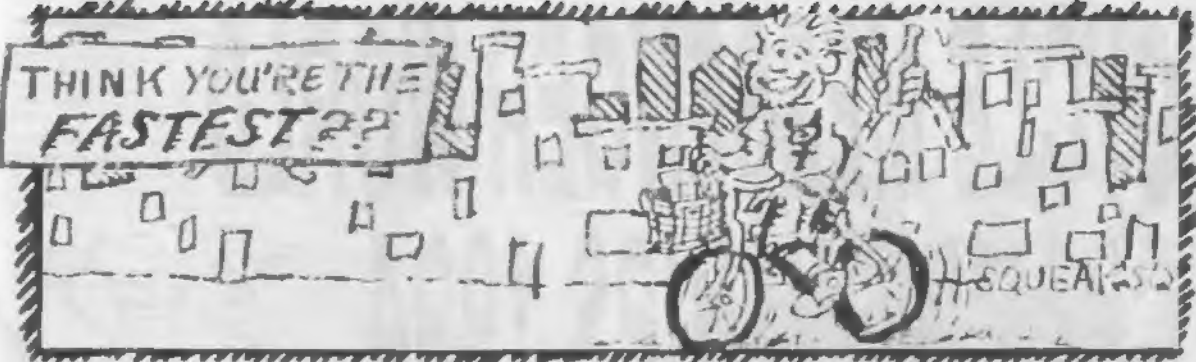
S.F.B.M.A.

prove it!!!!

CMC '94 the second world cycle messenger championships will be held in London August 5-7

PITCHER ADVERTISING

PROJ FOR YOUR FACE, LONDON!



CYCLE MESSENGER WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS 1994

ROYAL VICTORIA DOCK,
LONDON

12th - 14th AUGUST

COMPETITIONS INFORMATION FOR COMPETITORS AS OF MAY 1994

CYCLE MESSENGER WORLD CHAMPION (INDIVIDUAL MALE AND FEMALE)

With many teams from the major messenger cities (Berlin, London, New York, Toronto, Washington D.C. etc.) having already confirmed interest, this will be the centenary of CMWC '94. The winners of this competition will be the undisputed messenger world champions. The race will consist of 10 qualifying heats of up to 40 min throughout Saturday with the finals of 12 male riders and up to 10 female on Sunday. These races will involve down the field by inspecting contestants in a series of brutal elimination - long tail, cunning, strength and stamina. In a purpose-built arena representing London post codes. The competition will be designed so that non-English speaking countries will not be disadvantaged. London's own cycle courier community expect to revel all corners and travel to Toronto, Canada for CMWC '94, as reigning World Champions. All you others can expect to get carried back!

THE HEATS

Within each heat there will be two Race Groups of up to 20 competitors. Each RG will be racing the checkpoints in a slightly different order to every other RG. This will prevent the competition from becoming a 'follow the leader' procession. Qualification for the final will be based on finishing position in Race Group. First 2 finishers in each RG qualify for the A-heat, next 3 qualify for B-heat. If finishers will be handicapped for 5 minutes on the A-heat. Length of race: we expect the heats to last no longer than 45 minutes, with the top 5 taking no longer than 30 minutes to finish. Because of the complications of setting a format which is a realistic test, we may need to stop the racing after 45 minutes of every heat. We expect your cooperation in this matter. As can be seen the numbers of competitors in the heats and the heats is reduced by nearly half on last year. This will mean that less people are in with a chance but makes for a more realistic competition with less likelihood of people ending up trapped beneath the tables at the checkpoints, as happened last year.

It can also be seen that there are no extra qualifying places for 'wacky' messengers. This is not because we had any particular quarrel with the inclusion of this at CMWC '93; we simply don't think that our format can support any more finalists than 32 'A's and 46 'B's and still be a messenger race rather than just another bike race. Those of you that are not satisfied with the reasons set out here can apply to MTF for the Race Captain's decision which, very often, can be taken at greater length than we are prepared to do here.

THE FINALS

We intend the finals to last up to 3 hours. It will take the form of a 'devil take the hindmost'. This means that as the race goes on there will be fewer and fewer racers on the course. We do not expect that as much about the final except that our aim is to test the learning curve of the competitors, as well as their legs, concentration, guts and ability to suffer. We expect it to be brutal. We want the winners to finish on their knees. In London, when we have finished a hard day's work as a courier we can barely stand up straight; we are completely filthy and we smell bad; we wish our winners to look as though they have done a hard day's work not just poured out for a piece in the woods!

ELIGIBILITY

Only messengers are permitted to enter. Any team found to have included non-messengers in their registration will be disqualified and barred from future CMWCs. However, exceptions in this rule are JABBAH competitors and Russian competitors.

OLD GIRLS

The CMWC '94 Race Committee has decided to permit one other type of entry: ex-messengers or, as they are more commonly known in London, 'Old Gits'. 'Old Gits' will be permitted to enter and race in the championships races on condition that they enter in teams not containing any other messengers and declare that they are 'Old Gits' on their entry form. Teams entering the 'Old Gits' class take still competition from the likes of Buffalo Girl, Angie Dickinson, Paris and ex-FBI Chris Burwell. 'Old Gits' will not, however, be permitted to win the Championships; any 'Old Git' who is found to be in a winning position in the Final will be pushed into the Dock. Any team found to have an declared 'Old Gits' will be disqualified.

GENERAL RULES (CHAMPIONSHIPS RACES)

THERE WILL BE NO ATTEMPT TO MAKE THE COMPETITION 'FAIR'. STREET JUSTICE IS COMPLETELY ARBITRARY AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP RACES WILL REFLECT THIS. Contestants failing to get the right proof of delivery from the right check point will be disqualified. To avoid the problems of handling all competitors will start on foot with their bikes locked. They will collect their first parcel and go to their machines, unlock them and make haste to the first destination. Any unlocked bike will be 'bike-clamped' by authorized 'bike clammers'. At each checkpoint competitors will be required to dismount and park their bikes outside the designated 'clamping' zone. Failure to do so could result in 'bike-clamping'. All competitors will be required to observe the 'one way' system on the course (see map in the minutes of safety). This will be enforced by 'traffic police-people', who will have complete discretion to disqualify any competitor at any time, with no appeal. Competitors must have their lock and key at the finish. The numbers supplied must be worn at all times during races. Competitors behaving in an un-messenger-like fashion eg fighting with other messengers, failing to enjoy themselves, not drinking enough liquids during the Championships, putting ambassadors on their legs etc, etc will be disqualified without appeal.

PERMITTED MACHINES

Any pedal-powered machine will be permitted. Tandems will count as one competitor and will receive one race number only. Also, if any competitor wishes to race on a skate-board they will be allowed to do so. However, competitors will only be permitted to use one machine during the Championships. The only circumstance where competitors will be permitted to change machines will be due to disastrous mechanical failure (eg snapped frame). The Race Captain's decision will be final on this matter.

APPEALS

All competitors have the right to appeal to the Race Captain. The Race Captain's decision will be final and binding in all matters relating to the racing.

CYCLE MESSENGER WORLD CHAMPIONS (TEAM - UNSEXED)

This will be the team with the lowest combined 4 scores. Each team member's final placing will be their score. Eg team places riders 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th: team score = 10 points. Female team members will be given their score according to their place in their class and subjected to a complicated mathematical formula devised by Race Captain Boris, hence possibly giving those teams with female members an advantage. To this end we ask that all competitors declare their sex on the entry form. It will be noted that there is no separate award for female teams because we feel this is artificial: as far as we know there are no all-woman messenger companies apart from Lickety Split Delivery in S.F. If they race we will give them an award for being cool. Team entries will be of 4 - 6 riders.

BEST DRESSED MESSENGER - Judged by a Fashion Professional. Cycle couriers are fashion leaders. They helped popularize the use of mountain bikes and they were used as fashion templates during the boom of flogging clothing. They have even managed to give the humble paper bag a bag a certain street credibility. We will leave it up to the judges to decide what a well-dressed messenger should look like.

BEST DRESSED BIKE - Judged by Erik Jones of Zo Bags S.F., Buffalo Bill (Editor of Moving Target), Paul Burwell (Technical Editor of M.B.B.). The panel will be looking for the bike which most expresses the character of the rider and reflects their pride in their machine, not necessarily the most expensive bike.

THE IMPERIAL WHEELIE CHALLENGE - A slow speed competition testing agility and balance on the bike. Contestants will negotiate an obstacle course consisting of typical city hazards. The visual highlight of the competition will be when the contestants pile on to the end of a parked car and remain motionless for two minutes without 'dodging' anything short of a riot in statistics. 'Trials' style event to give points on the entry form. This is essential for scheduling purposes. Entries will be taken at the event.

THE SMOKIN' TYRE CHAMPION - Winner of the Smokin' Tyre Sprint. A short sharp race for those who think that they are the fastest away from the lights. Thrills and spills are guaranteed! This will be a 100m sprint on the flat testing nothing except pure speed. Entries will be taken 'on the line'. Depending on the numbers there will be heats and a final. Dead heats will be decided by one-on-one race-offs. There will be supplementary charge of £5 cash for this race. The winner will take the lot.

THE SANDWICH CLASSIC - A race for trade bikes or bikes that are designed to carry heavy or large loads. Widely used by messenger companies on the continent, this will be an opportunity for these formidable machines to show. This will be a 2km point-to-point race with crates of beer carried as load. Prizes for this race have yet to be negotiated. Please pre-register on the entry form if you wish to compete in this race. This is essential for scheduling purposes. Contestants in this race may bring a machine specifically for this race. This is the only race that competitors will be able to use a separate machine for.

OTHER EVENTS

Chester Gallery

This multi-media exhibition, open throughout the Championships, will include courier's artifacts, pictures of early couriers, video footage of the Survival Area, Gas races, video footage of other programmes featuring couriers, courier art, paintings, poetry, cartoons, sculpture and other media created by couriers thus reflecting a diversity and individuality of the people who ride the way for a living. This exhibition will be coordinated by Seth Turner, a writer/artist whose paintings were recently featured by London Transport in their 'On the Buses' exhibition. If you have material that you wish to exhibit please contact MTF direct now.

MESSENGER PARADE

This is a non-competitive event for everybody. The first London Messenger will be accompanied during this ride in London and have four couriers, who were killed whilst working. We will be carrying a wreath in their memory during this ride and having an shrine built specially for them. We would like to remember all messengers who have been killed whilst working worldwide. If you know of deaths in your city let us know their names in the car and (if you can) and (if possible) their age. Please bring them to CMWC '94 to lay at the shrine with us.

UNOFFICIAL RACES

Because the site is not in public space, the course will be available for unofficial racing throughout the weekend. Please note that we will accept proposals for some organized unofficial races. Contact MTF direct. We wish to avoid having too many riders not competing in 'official' races on the course whilst official races are taking place. However, as long as riders believe with due discretion for the safety of 'official' competition, anything goes. But we accept no responsibility for any injuries sustained as a result and we expect all riders at all times to accept the directions of the 'traffic policemen'.

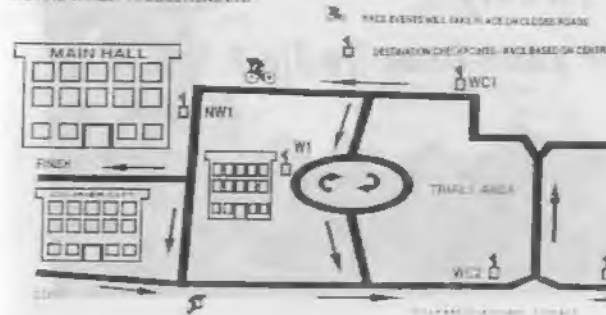
PLEASE NOTE that we view CMWC '94 primarily as an opportunity for messengers worldwide to come together in a spirit of comradeship not just to race. The main objective is to have a good time and ride our bikes. Nobody coming for any other reason should bear this in mind.

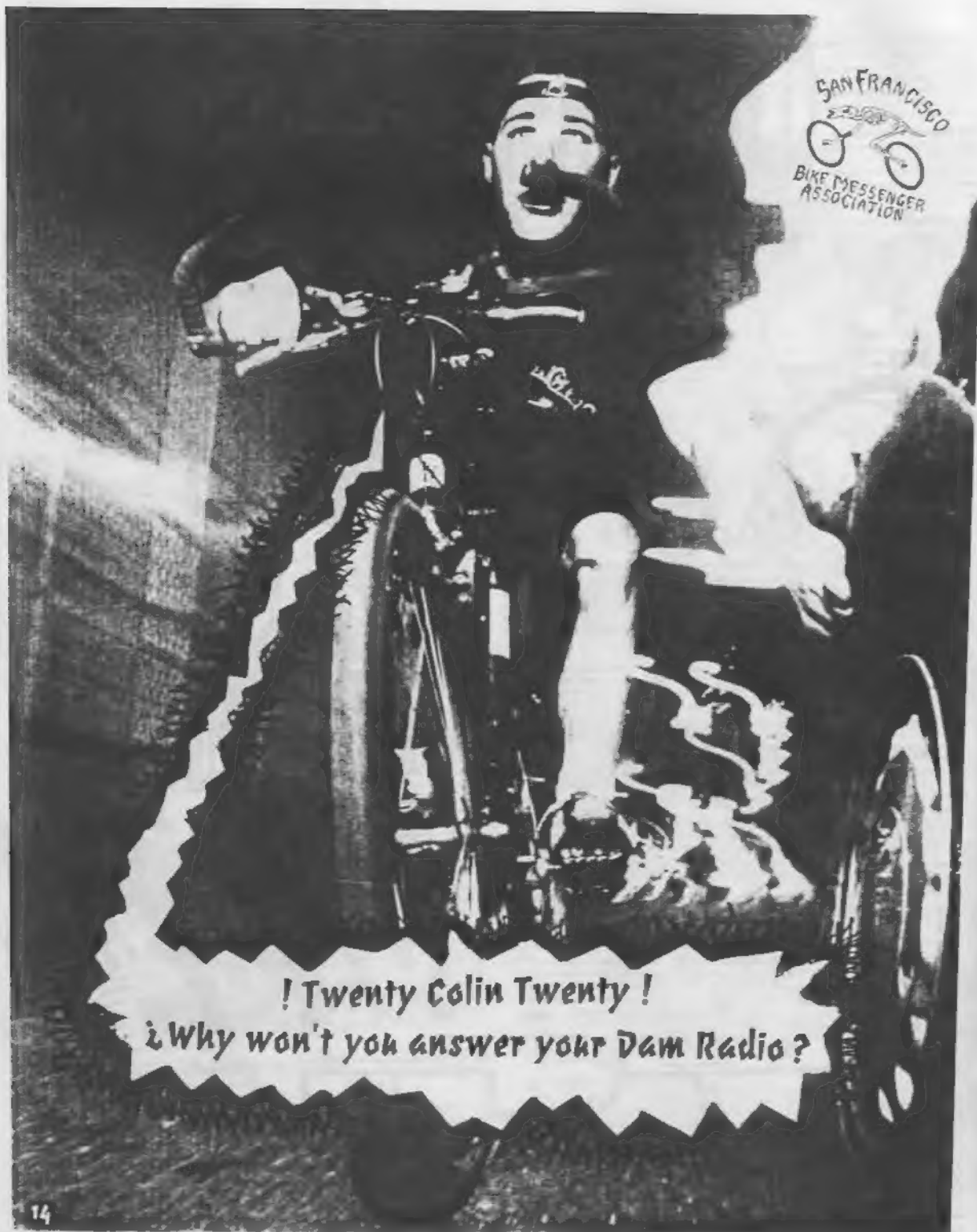
ENTRY FORM

Please note that more than one team entry from a single courier company is permitted. The Race Committee welcomes cross-company, cross-city and cross-country teams. Entries by single competitors will be accepted but please use form per single entry. Any prospective competitor who is unable to raise a full team please contact MTF direct as there is a very good chance that we will be able to arrange for special sponsored international teams. Please give all the information on the entry form that we have asked for, and supplementary information that you feel would be useful to us. If there are any further questions that you have regarding the event or travel arrangements to the event please contact us direct by letter or fax. For your information we include the following typical prices in London of common messenger items: first (1/2) litre of beer: £1.80 - £2.10; Medium Super Camp MC: £25.00; £18.00 - £20.00; 500g Barmat Rice: £1.20; 88 (500g) bananas: £0.50; pen of milk: £0.40; cup of topaz coffee: £0.75.

ENTRY FEE

Entrants will be given places in the event on first-come first-served basis. The fee to enter all competitions (except the Smokin' Tyre Sprint) and the weekend will be £50. Entrance for the event including accommodation will be £30. We do not expect messengers to find this out of their own pocket. Team sponsors should provide the funds for the entry fee. If you find that you are not able to find sponsorship and you can provide us with proof that you have made efforts to do so we will consider allowing entry at a reduced rate. Each case will be considered on individual merit starting 1st August. If you want to be sure of your place in CMWC '94, send the form & the money now. We prefer international money (over made payable to: MOVING TARGET PRODUCTIONS LTD).





SAN FRANCISCO
BIKE MESSENGER
ASSOCIATION

! Twenty Colin Twenty !
Why won't you answer your Dam Radio?



EVERYTHING ON TV IS REAL!

Dear Editor:

In the weeks since "MTV's Real World" I have been deluged with calls from the press looking for dirt on Puck. They always ask the wrong questions and twist my answers to fit their agenda. I would like to set the record straight.

Puck Rainey is first and foremost a very amusing character. He is the embodiment of youthful exuberance. He is not a good example of bike messengers in general. Puck is MTV's idea of a bike messenger. MTV paid Puck to entertain, not deliver packages. Puck therefore is an entertainer not a messenger.

Puck was a messenger, before he was paid a gazillion dollars to live in a palatial house with a bunch of boring people (who would never give him the time of day much less live with him, if not for MTV). It does not matter how long he was a messenger, or how many tags he's done. MTV did not want an accurate portrayal of a bike messenger, they wanted good ratings. A real messenger would probably be very boring (comes home exhausted from 11 hour day, eats 6 packages

of ramen noodles, scrubs all grime layers, falls asleep in front of TV by 8:30). Whether or not Puck is a REAL messenger is inconsequential, I doubt that Rachael is a REAL republican. Who cares?! She's not running for office; he's not delivering your package.

Messengers are probably the most diverse group of people ever grouped together. We accept anyone who's dumb or crazy enough to put up with the bad drivers, toxic exhaust, hard work, and lousy pay (SF messengers are among the lowest paid in the country). There is only one Puck. His unique style should not be seen as that of the rest of the messengers. In the real Real World messengers like Puck mellow out, get fired or die.

Messengering is the most fun way possible to make a living. The freedom, excitement, and outlaw mystique make messengering very attractive to rebellious young non-conformists (that's how I got here). What I'm getting at is that there's room for a person like Puck in the messenger world because we're not hung

**every
thing
on TV
Is Real!**
**Sting
King**

up about how you look or act as long as you do your job and treat others as with the same respect you expect from them.

Puck is truly (brutally) honest, and a decent person. He is also an entertainer at heart. He is doing exactly what his employer wants, getting your attention. Don't blame Puck for acting up, blame yourself for watching. Blame MTV for encouraging his wild behavior.

Without Puck the Real World would be real boring. While snort blowing and scab picking may not be appealing to most, if you can get over it and see what's behind the big "Hey I'm Puck look at me" facade you'd see an interesting and intelligent person who should go far in show biz. If you can't then its your loss. go watch the Weather Channel.

Messenger Girls What is it that makes them so attractive? Is it their confidence, born of a thousand near misses? Sunburned noses and scraped up knees put together in a neo-amazonian way—you know, rolling warrior women, easy going and affable. Is it that they will always listen to my stories and at least pretend to be entertained? Well, I'm only sure about one thing:

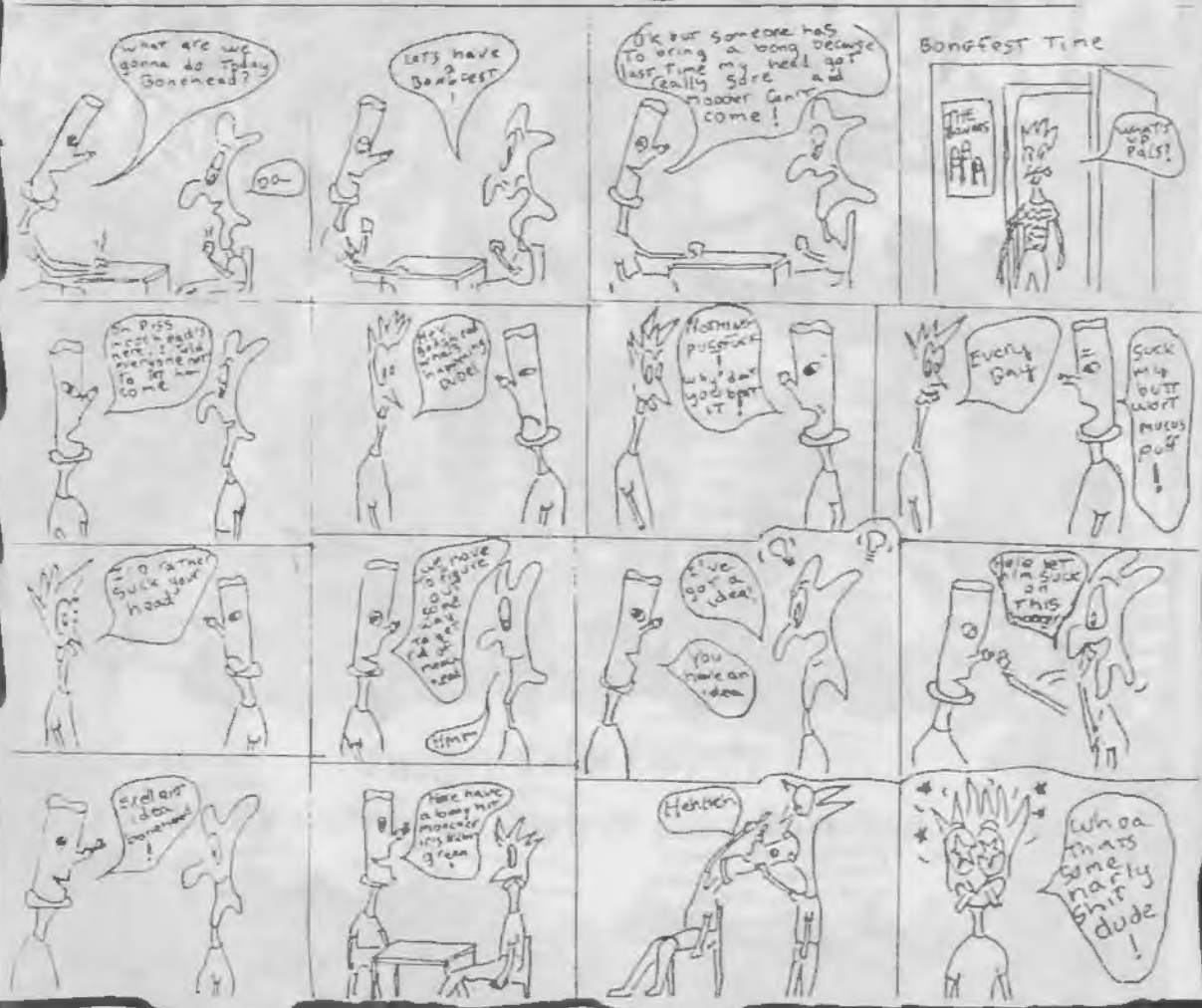
from fresh-faced rookie to road-weary vets, messenger girls I love you all.

—Butch "As In Easy"



BONGHEAD & BONEHEAD

—charmian



How The West Was Packaged.

There was a time when cowboys rode the plains of Romanticism. They worked long hard days filled with danger and adrenaline. They lived a life of rugged stoicism that most couldn't understand and few could stomach. They were scarred and dirty. They stank of manure and sweat. Mostly they were just themselves.

Then one day a stranger showed up with a slick horse, pearl grips and an attitude. The cowboys were a friendly and accepting bunch and didn't mind the stranger's individuality - most folk thought he was good for a chuckle. He could hold his own in the saddle and there was work for him from time to time. Everyday the cowboys would ride out and leave the rest of the world to live out it's own mundane existence. The common folk frowned at the cowboys but, secretly obsessed & vicariously played out their own outlaw fantasies through them.

Desperation & interest grew, and someone realized there was money to be made. Soon a group of city slickers came to town looking for a wrangler with the right image to entertain the masses. Once they saw the stranger in his shiny boots and spiked hair they knew they had to have him. Ya see, he talked like they thought a cowboy should talk & he looked like they thought a cowboy would look & he new all the rope tricks, (hell, he even smelled bad). So they changed his name to Will Rogers and shipped him back to Hollywood.

Once they got him back in the city they wound him up & crammed him in a little box. All came to watch. And wouldn't you know it - he was funny.

Meanwhile back at the ranch, the cowboys just kept on working those long days in the hot sun, roping and riding and doing the crazy things cowboys do. Ya see they didn't have time for rope tricks and other people's entertainment - they just wanted chow from the wagon, luv'n from the oven & bullets for the six shooter. Some were jealous of Will, but most realized Will would never escape that little box and be a cowboy. Nope, Will and his horse Trigger would go on to stardom leaving the Cowboys to just be themselves.

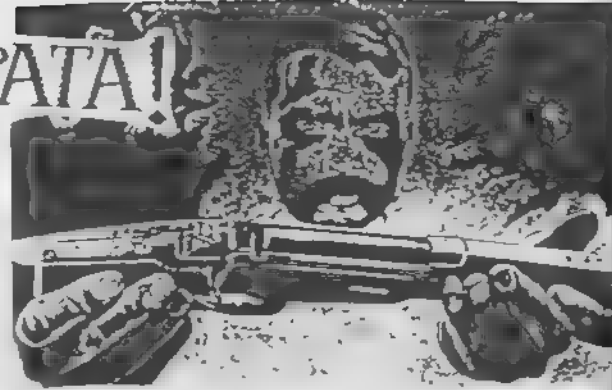
The Votes of the Zapatistas

We have nothing to lose, absolutely nothing. No decent and vibrant life, no health, no work, poor health, no food, no education, no rights, freely and democratically choose our leaders, no independence from foreign interests, and no justice for ourselves and our children. But we say enough is enough. We are the descendants of those who truly built this nation, we are the millions of dispossessed, and we call upon all our brethren to join our crusade: the only option to avoid dying of starvation! We are addressing ourselves to you directly to tell you that the Mexican federal government is using the economic and military aid that it receives from the people and the government of the United States of North America to massacre the indigenous people of Chiapas.

We ask whether the U.S. troops and the people of the United States of North America approved this military action. We said to fight drug traffic or to assassinate the Indians of southeast Mexico. Troops, airplanes, helicopters, radar, communications equipment, arms and military paraphernalia are being used now not to fight drug traders and the big *cajons* of the drug mafias but to repress the just struggles of the people of Mexico and of the Indians of Chiapas in the southeastern part of our country, and to assassinate men, women and innocent children.

We do not receive any aid from any foreign government, individual or organization. We have nothing to do with drug traffic or with national and international terrorism. We have organized ourselves voluntarily and our organization has its own life, because of our great needs and problems. We are tired of so many years of deception and death. It is our right to live in order to have life with dignity. At every moment we have observed the international laws of war and have respected the civilian population.

With the help that you the people and the government of North America have given to the Mexican federal government, you are staining your hands with Indian blood. Our dream and desire is that of all the people of the world true liberty and democracy. And for this dream we are willing to give our lives. Do not stain your hands with our blood by allowing yourselves to be the accomplices of the Mexican government.

[illegible]

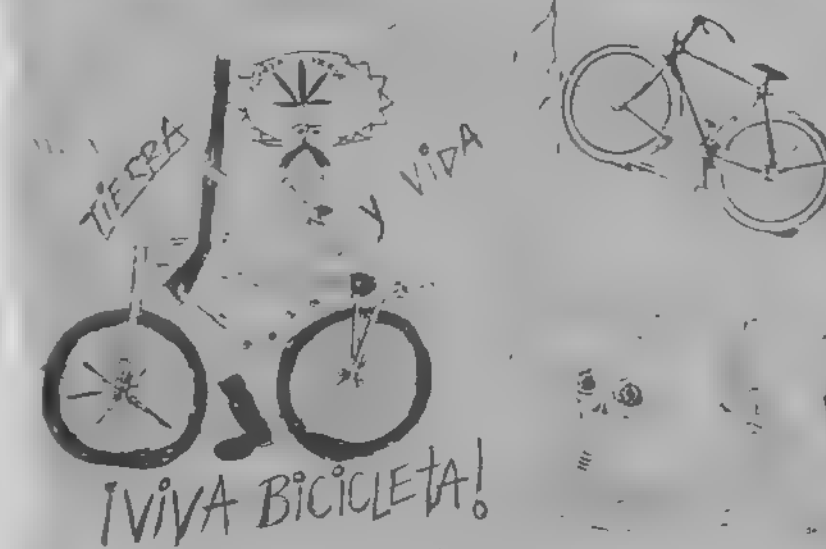
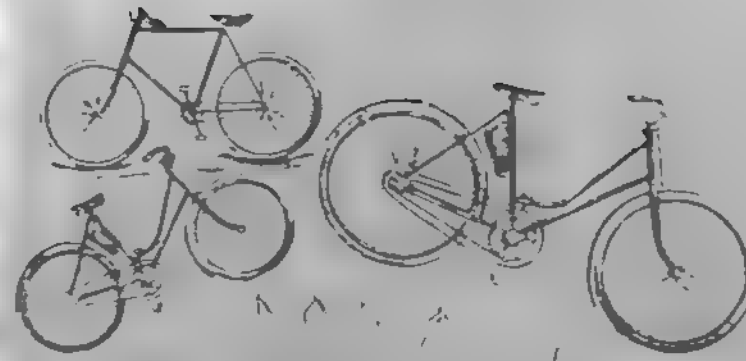
L'Unita: Comandante Marcos, you took San Cristobal on January 1st. But who are you people?

Marcos We form part of the Zapatista National Liberation Army (EZLN), and we demand the resignation of the federal government and the formation of a new transition government to convoke free and democratic elections for August 1994. We demand that the principal demands of the peasants of Chiapas be resolved. Bread, health, education, autonomy and peace. The Indians have always lived in a state of war because until today there has always been a state of war against them. The state has been the state of the landowners and whites. In any case we will be the principal beneficiaries of the new political territory, which is how the Indians of Chiapas normally die.

11 mins. Are you part of some political or social organization?
 Marcus: We have a relationship with a type of above ground or
 below ground organization, but we are not involved in it and time

1 Unita to x a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z
Marcos We are not all the same, we are different. We have been pre-
paring in the mountains for ten years. We have tested thought-
fully and we are ready to go.

U'nta: Is there racial and ethnic content in your demands?
 Marcos: The forcing of a people to attend Catholic schools, to go to Mass, and to go to the principal ethnic groups of Iloilo. All of them are in agreement, and besides demands and representation the Iloilo people respect that the Iloilo have never given them. Especially in San Cristóbal the people of San Cristóbal are very intelligent and disinterested. I respect the Iloilo and I like the Iloilo. I respect the Indians because they come with guns in hand.



And as the pain that united us began to

sent me out for the law. "Not over there!"

Now they want us alone, brothers and sisters, they want our death to be useless. They want our blood to be forgotten among the stones and the manure. They want our voices silenced and our steps to be turned back into the distance.

Don't abandon us, brothers and sisters. Take our nurturing blood, fill your hearts and the hearts of all good people of these lands: Indians, his and non-Indians, men and women, aged and children. Don't let us go alone. May it not all be in vain.



NAFTA is part of a long history of official assault on the indigenous community. The unwillingness of the national and state governments to attend adequately to basic needs has had severe social and economic consequences. While statistics alone cannot depict the poverty and misery, clearly the desperation and despair they reflect are at the core of the Zapatista resistance in Chiapas.

- Mathematics is the number one killer
- There is only one doctor per 1,500 people
- Literacy, at 31.1 percent, is the highest in the nation
- While it produces approximately 60 percent of Mexico's electricity, 33.1 percent of Chiapas households have no electricity
- More than three quarters of the homes in the 1 captured by the Zapatistas in January have dirt floors
- Forty-two percent of people have no running water

FAST WOMEN!

They surf the waves of hegemonic patriarchy from maternalistic bosses to
patronizing clients by way of abusive sexist screaming motorists.
Just who are these fast women? What are their hopes, their dreams, their shoe sizes?

Urban Green

By Stuart

About sixty cyclists did a mini critical mass on the second community garden ride sponsored by the SF Bicycle Coalition (SFBC) and the SF League of Urban Gardeners (SLUG). On a gorgeous Saturday afternoon we pedaled to gardens in the Sunset, Richmond, North Beach, Russian Hill, and the Tenderloin.

The ride began with a brief history of SLUG, a nonprofit community organization that teaches composting and gardening. Katie, SLUG's gardening/composting educator, showed us several examples of composting bins including rodent resistant bins for fruit, vegetable and yard trimming scraps and open piles for yard trimmings. One of the bins, called the Earth Machine, is a type of rodent resistant composting bin that looks a little like a plastic garbage can. I hitched the SFBC trailer to my bike and pedaled the Earth Machine from garden to garden, and deposited a ceremonial trowel-full of compost at each garden.

The gardens we saw, about a dozen in all, varied greatly from

large and well-established gardens like Argonne, to wee tiny small petite little ones, like the rooftop of the Senator Hotel in the Tenderloin, from weedy gardens like the Sunset Community Garden for Sunset seniors to well-manicured plots like the Fort Mason garden for Marina residents.

We helped with the weeding at the senior citizen garden in Golden Gate Park. After that visit, one of the riders convinced us to add an impromptu garden to the tour. He was a high school teacher who was thrilled to take us one block and a slight incline out of our way to show off the garden of native plants begun by his students on a hill that was formerly a trash dump. We ate our picnic lunches in the Richmond, at Argonne Garden, in the midst of fragrant vegetables, flowers and herbs. From there, it was through the Presidio to the second part of the tour. At the Presidio I stopped to empty my bladder in the shadow of a tank on the main parade ground. Someone hung a bicycle from the gun barrel of a tank, a symbol we admired while Donald, the leader of the ride, told us a little about the National Park Service plan for the park (which aren't too pleasant for bicyclists, by the way).

At the Michelangelo garden, tucked between homes on Russian Hill, one of the founders proudly showed us a "before" photo of the site (ugly cracked concrete the remnants of an old

school that had been moved) and invited us to compare it with the "after" — a community garden, children's playground, basketball court, lawn area and benches. The whole transformation was made possible by a grassroots organizing effort to use the land for public space rather than real estate venture.

I had a blast pulling the trailer around and got lots of attention from pedestrians and motorists (who treated me and my earth machine in tow with more respect than I usually get). I passed out several Earth Machine brochures and wished I had some of Bogart's business cards to hand out. Going uphill was a bit grueling but I got plenty of help from fellow cyclists who positioned themselves on either side of the Earth Machine so that we pedaled to the summits in a triangle formation. I flew on the downhill shouting: "The trailer doesn't have brakes", and "This vehicle makes wide turns."

The last "official" garden we visited was the rooftop garden at the Senator. Sabrina of the Planet Drum Foundation arranged for



us to see this limited access garden. The gardeners were incredibly friendly — one even left his bedroom door open so we could use his bathroom. With bikes securely stowed in the lobby, we climbed the eight flights of stairs to view this spot of green above the City, where Brian recounted the story of hauling a truckload of soil to the rooftop planter boxes up the stairs — one bucket at a time. (The elevators broke down that day.) Next to the Senator is Cohen Alley, the site of a future community garden for shade loving plants (the alley gets only two hours of afternoon sun). From this small patch of green we looked out upon the city as the sounds of a live band playing in the street from the block party below ended the day.

While most riders had peeled off for the day at this point, a few of us tacked one more garden onto the trip — the "beer garden" at Zeitgeist. We reflected on a day well spent, and had a toast to a greener future for the city.

The community garden rides are semi-annual events, the next one is slated for September 18, 11:00 am at Dolores Park.

If interested in composting or getting a plot at one of the many community gardens throughout the city call: 285-SLUG.

The next cultural bike ride will be a tour of Angel Island. This ride will meet: Sunday August 7 at Pier 41 at 9:30am sharp. A fee for ferry transport and park admittance will be charged.

Tracy Vincent



"It's not embarrassing. At least not to us."

I'm convinced

that time is a

lot more

valuable

than money

WELL BROTHERS AND SISTERS
THE APOCALYPSE IS RUNNING LATE

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER

OPPORTUNITY
TO SURVIVE!

WE DELIVER!

We'll beat anybody

Messengers

The Best and the Brightest

of San Francisco

ride!

HEALTH

ENERGY

AWARENESS

SELF-DEFENSE

Experience it!



"Leave home as soon as you can support yourself and never return."

dangerous games



SOAPBOX DERBY

brought to you by S.F.I.S.S. & Parte

The first season was brought on by a dare which grew to a challenge. Through mini-maze like this and the ever persuasive word of mouth—over a dozen soapboxes showed up for the inaugural race. Back in May of '93.

By the time of the season finale in October, there were an average of thirty plus entrants, more than ever anticipated. We loved it. The crowds grew as the contestants did. The trophies got cooler, the 'soaps' got faster, the competition got fiercer, the party got bigger.

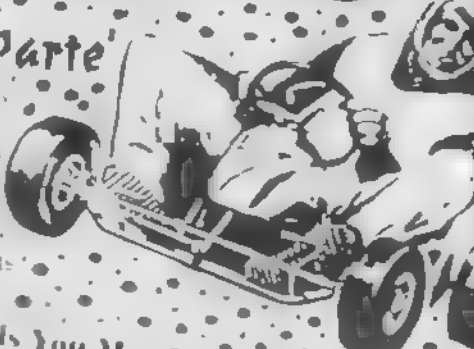
We settled on a racing format that includes heats of downhill. In other words four or five at a time is plenty though we refuse to end a day without a LeMans start (ask a vet).

This year there will be time trials starting with Sunday May 15th at the usual place, Bernal Heights Speedway home of Satan's Sling-shot.

As usual, all are invited to race and/or spectate. We are not picky; young and old, tall and short, non-luge and non-luge, ugly and uglier, fast and slow. Faster is funner though.

There were many different types of 'soaps' throughout the year. I included giant wagon wheels, demipling, couple shopping cart daredevils, rat balls, tandem, dashing racer, offroad or two, and no beer in public.

Let the dare become a challenge within you. Let your creative spirit take over and design the ultimate machine. Or collect street scores and use duct tape ala McGiver. Shut build a cut you lay ass at and let it roll.



Tools You May Need to Build a Soapbox

that's bad... package or no package, i dropped my bike on the sidewalk and ran up to the fallen motorcyclist, along with a guy who had abandoned his shopping cart and sleeping bag to rush to the rider's assistance. he was unconscious, still partly straddling his motorcycle, his helmeted head and slumped shoulders propped up by his handlebars. i didn't see any blood, but didn't know what to do. for once, the 22 bus rolled up when you needed it, and the driver radioed in for help. i did the same, but i heard it pissed off the dispatchers because they were switching boards or some shit like that. one of the order takers called 911, though, so thanks!

brakes are important



Speed Thrills
let's go!

Out of my way... I'm Drunk!



Current Champion Bogart McAvoy & Habitual Crash Master Tazaria. Photo: Keshler

it was gross

what was it, a tuesday or something? anyway, it was sunny, i was a little stoned, it was before lunchtime, and i had a 17th street on me. i was stopped in the crosswalk on 16th @ folsom, headed east. it all happened real fast, but it went something like this: the light changed and i started to go out at the corner of my vision i saw a dark blue van with a white stripe race across the intersection on folsom going south, but before this light-runner even registered, i heard the sickening crunch of metal against metal, then the dull thud of a body and motorcycle hitting the warm asphalt.

there were people around. i heard a person say, "oh my god, that's bad..." package or no package, i dropped my bike on the sidewalk and ran up to the fallen motorcyclist, along with a guy who had abandoned his shopping cart and sleeping bag to rush to the rider's assistance. he was unconscious, still partly straddling his motorcycle, his helmeted head and slumped shoulders propped up by his handlebars. i didn't see any blood, but didn't know what to do. for once, the 22 bus rolled up when you needed it, and the driver radioed in for help. i did the same, but i heard it pissed off the dispatchers because they were switching boards or some shit like that. one of the order takers called 911, though, so thanks!

meanwhile, a small crowd had gathered around the fallen cyclist, collectively deciding, "hey, let's move this guy out of the intersection!" my brain switched out of panic mode long enough to yell, "no! no! don't move him! you'll make it worse!" another bystander who still had his wits about him found the cyclist's pulse in his neck and checked for breathing. "he's ok," he said and within seconds a police officer pulled up, followed by a firetruck and an ambulance. i backed away from the scene... my head hurt and i felt like throwing up. i passed off the 17th street to andrea, even though i could have just dropped it off late. the lunch dispatcher had just come on and was pissed off because he had tags in the area, but i didn't give a fuck about any of that shit, and stayed around to give my name and number to the police officer, along with a handful of other witnesses.

where's the driver?" everyone seemed to ask at the same time. we looked around at each other, a small crowd that had been in or around the intersection at the time

of the accident. we looked down folsom in the direction the van had been traveling, and sure enough, it was there—pulled over to the curb in what appeared to be a very rushed parking job. It was empty, and there was no driver in sight. i'm assuming the van can't even be traced to the driver; it looked sort of beat up, and whoever was driving bailed instantly. i cursed myself for not looking at the van when the cyclist went down. i was the only one on a bike when it happened, and i could have chased the tucker down. but fuck it. if that person bailed, they probably don't have insurance or anything. maybe the driver was already in deep shit for something else, and just had to get away.

or maybe s/he was just one of those fuckers who just doesn't care.

eventually, i called in and got back on the job. i was shaking and almost puked twice, and wanted to stop by Lloyd's for a drink, but never got around that area. for the rest of the day, i kept imagining people as monsters—we can hurt each other without blinking, without remorse. i've run into people like that, and willingly associated with them, ultimately at my expense. i wonder if i learned lessons from them along the way. i learned how to be a little more of a monster myself. monsters are everywhere, not just behind steering wheels, i mean everywhere, and they can plow into you and leave you there without even tripping on it. unfortunately, we can learn to be like that. it's easy to go around fucking people over and getting away with it. an easy way of life.

so what's the point? i don't know. look both ways, always, and especially when you're fucked up. if the timing had been different, it could have been the shopping cart guy, or me, lying face down in the intersection. we two wheelers have the advantage of sitting a little higher than auto drivers, and we have panoramic vision (and hearing). we can use it to protect ourselves from the assholes who think it's ok to barrel through solid red lights in the middle of the day, encased in a ton of steel. i hope the guy's ok. the motorcyclist, i mean. he has blond hair and a white full-face helmet. he had a tattoo on the back of one of his calves. if anyone knows him give him my best, and let him know that i can be contacted as a witness if necessary and let me know if he's ok.

doreen @ western



The True Confessions of a Bicycle Messenger

by *Rafines Roudins*

CHAPTER 1 CONTINUED)

As the rest of the day wore on stange doors began to open in my mind. Ever since that first day I felt something changed in myself. My out-look was slowly being transformed, and events began to take on an added significance. This was due only in part to the fact that all bike messengers come face to face with death on a daily basis. But also because I was unknowingly discovering my true identity, the real me, and that person was a messenger. Before I had been totally unsure of who I was and didn't really know myself at all. It's like I had been playing twenty questions backwards, changing the answer as the game of my life progressed. But at last I realized, I was a messenger. A

messenger, renowned throughout history, altering the outcome of events of biblical proportion, tracing the fate of wars and lovers. Shaping our world with each bit of fantastic or terrible news. Noble, courageous, tenacious, and unflappable— all the things I aspired to in my dreams. To never give in to anything no matter what; independent, rarely noticed yet everywhere at once.

I began to feel invincible doing my thing, free to do my tags as fast as I wanted, then kick back in the park and fire-up with some friends. I was proud to say "I'm a messenger," ...sounds cool, "yep it is, gotta go..." then take off the next instant, zipping thru the worst traffic, breaking all their senseless laws, riding all out, hard and fast,

Lodging cabs and buses
 Covered in sweat and grime,
 exhaust particles clogging every
 pore, including lung tissue
 I felt justified doing what ever I
 took to get the job done on time
 as long as nobody got hurt too
 badly. It was no longer just a
 way to make my liv— it had
 become my identity, as if
 predetiremined. How else could
 I explain this feeling of ease and
 comfortable well-being as I
 darted thru the busy streets
 stairways and lobbies. And that
 satisfied feeling of having
 worked hard and gone and met
 new people and places, bringing
 them new things to look at and
 work with. It seemed to come so
 naturally to me and sort of flow
 through me that I began to
 suspect there was something
 larger than only this one life, a
 sum somewhere greater than all
 these little broken pieces of
 myself at work here



WILLIAM
GIBSON

Man Over Marin

In St.

The sk. was blue and the crisp dry air was biting at his face as he pedaled along to work. The stiff side wind was turning at his wheels so Ed's attention was divided between chewing on his special power mixture and keeping his balance.

The weekend before Ed had pounded No Doz, speed, her pollen and ginseng root into a fist sized lump, which he had then soaked for the rest of the week in a bowl of Jolt Cola and tea bags. This was what he was gnawing on as he recoiled back down with gulps of sickly sweet espresso squirted from his water bottle.

The weather was perfect. The wind was blowing hard, the sky was clear, and the pavement was dry. Ed was thinking, "I might just be able to pull it off." He started his car and drove back the way he had come. He followed the tracks of the other car through the brush and found himself at the water bottle.

The power mixture was kicking in hard. Ed's legs were pumping like pistons. The wind was pushing him, and the sky was beckoning. The hill was approaching, and Ed's adrenaline was kicking in.

father than shiffling down, as he usually would have, he bent over a lifted the chain up onto a new chainring he had ordered through the mail. It was way too large for the derailleur; it barely fit on his frame without rubbing the chainstay. Sixty-eight teeth seized the chain and his hammering slowed to a steady spitt

For the next few seconds, I'm almost at the damn hill!"

For the next few seconds, I'm almost at the damn hill! He was on the hill now, but losing speed. He tried visualizing a mountain to climb, pushing down his neck. That helped, but it wasn't enough. He focused on the speed of the wheel. He was no longer on a bicycle. He was a screaming, bellowing, gaining speed up the hill. It was a matter of time before the crest was up ahead. His lungs were melting and his veins pulsed with lactic acid when he reached the top. He pulled up hard on the handlebars and shot into the air. He was aloft.

Ed was soaring out over the bay, riding the wind and still screaming hard.

He glanced over his shoulder for a quick glance at the exit, then fixed his eyes straight ahead and began to fly. He wanted to get as high and far as possible before he had to start looking for a place to land.

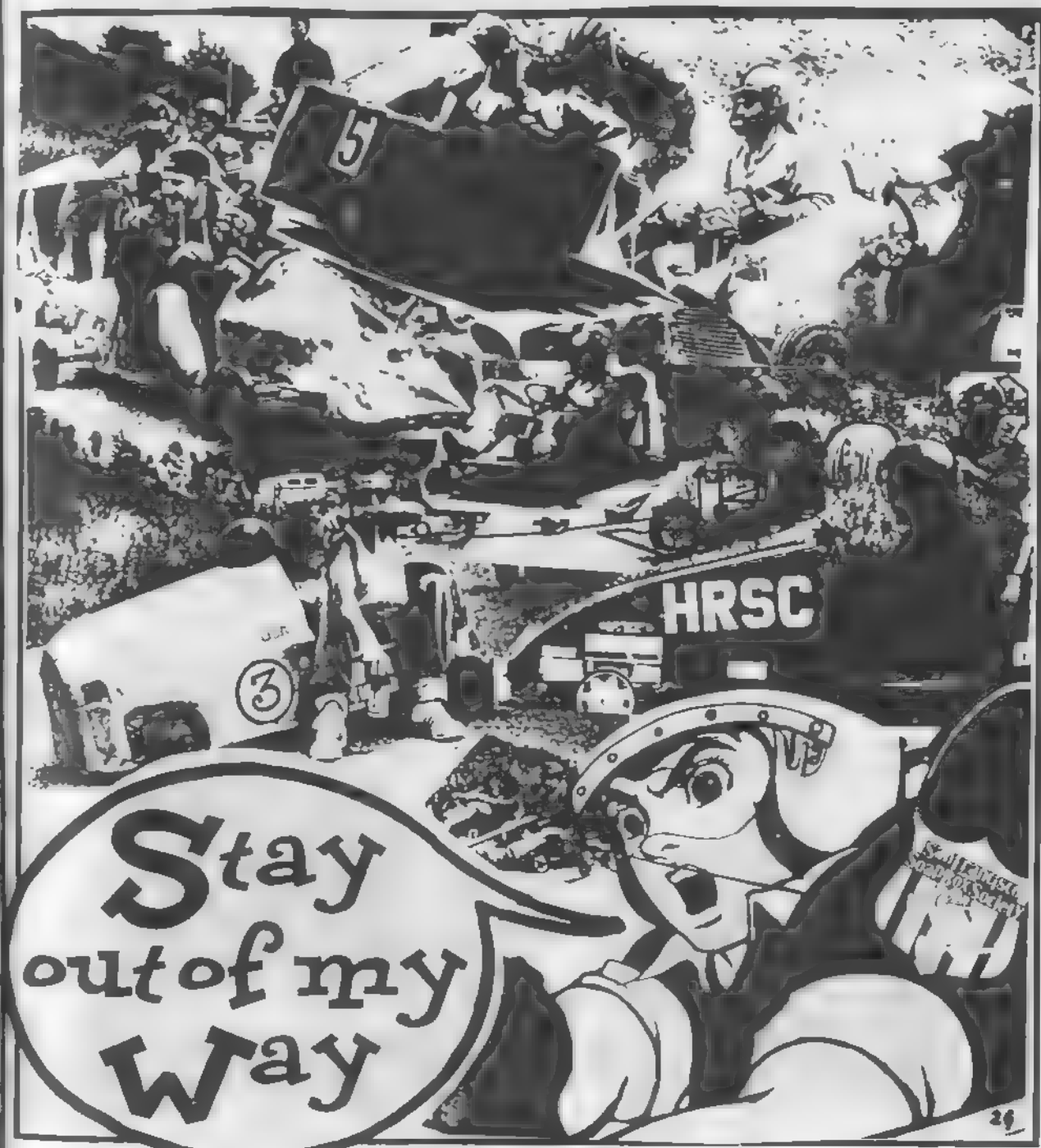
[illegible]

ACTUAL PLAGIARISM



28 Will the Tragedy in Satan's SlingShot Kill Soapbox Racing?

Will Hipster HayBails Continue to Sacrifice their Blood for Safety?



EIGHT 'ZINES THAT RULE!

by AESOP and MATTY

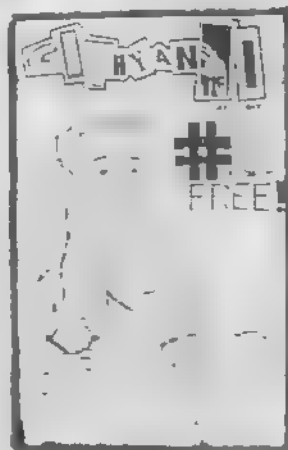
THE PROBE- Aaron Muentz is a God amongst men. His zine THE PROBE mixes my two all-time fave things: naked people and punk rock. Someone said that THE PROBE is what pornography might look like if men and women actually liked each other. That about sums it up. Issue 3 comes complete with two 7" records featuring **ALL YOU CAN EAT**, **LURCH**, **FUCKBOYZ**, **YOUR MOTHER** and more. I think it goes for around 6 bucks well worth it. **PO BOX 5068 Pleasanton, CA. 94566**

GITHYANKI- Jew Scott down in Miami puts out this clumsy amalgam of political incorrectness. Fuck all of you, I like this zine. In depth articles with titles such as, "Are Women Just Stupid Or Are They An Evil Breed?" GITHYANKI might be what you need. Get off your high horse and write to **PO BOX 660572 Miami Springs, FL 33266**

JASPER'S ORGASM Lots of cocks and cunts and found literature. Sex and arson along with some excellent reproductions of photos that will make you run off to Tibet and join a monastery. People get shot over shit like this. Fuck it and the faint of heart. Send a buck or so to **PO BOX 401055 SF, CA 94140**



BOOBYGUTS - This is one of those non-threatening zines loaded with cute anecdotes about growing up punk in the south bay. Cool collage layouts and poorly rendered comics make BOOBYGUTS an easy read. You grizzled city fuckers might want to get this and see how it feels to be young, loud, and suburban once again. Send a buck to **5641 Lilac Blossom Lane San Jose, CA 95124**



SCAM- A zine of biblical proportions and could be used as a bible for those of you with an aversion to paying for things. Issue #2 contains two years worth of Iggy's adventures living just outside the law in Miami and on the road. Schlitz, crowbars, train hoppin', hand written and punk as fuck. Order it for \$1.50 ppd from **Blacklist @ 475 Valencia St. SF, CA. 94103**

NINJA ZINE- We're not sure if this is what you might call a zine or not. Issue #1 consists of 1 hand scrawled, folded, double-sided photo copy. Totally weird, and so far fucking out there that it's worth your time, and 50 cents to secure a copy and catch a glimpse into a very deranged mind. Dave Ninja. **2501 Harper St. Santa Cruz, CA. 95062**



SWINGER ACTION We lost our copy of this zine, so we're not sure of the actual content but as far as we can remember S.A. was damn good. Instead of actual info here is an excerpt from the letter that accompanied our copy: "I threw a big party a couple of days ago when I finished S.A. #3 and a couple of my friends and I had a kiwi and lima bean and orange and bottlecap fight and the kitchen floor was sticky and slippery from kiwi pulp. I would have liked to have let it sit and rot for a couple of days but it's my parents house and they get back today so I cleaned up yesterday." Ask for the **S.A. Condensed Bible** it's fucking hilarious. Send a buck to Dave/ **swinger action 357 Holly St. Ashland, OR. 95720**



UMLAUT- Brian Lew hangs out with METALLICA and lives to write about it. A very funny little zine from a guy who seems to get invited to all the cool parties. Yes, Metal made fun. Issue #9 has a great story about seeing Anton LeVay shopping at Target Metal! One of our favorites of all time. Send \$1.50 to **3084 22nd St. SF, CA. 94110**

Our zine, "You Bet Your Sweet ASS I'M A Turtle" is available for \$1.50 ppd to: **2864 apt "A" 24th St SF, CA. 94110** or get it directly from me (Aesop) for one buck.

Mountebanks

by Fur

When Ramin and I encountered the Mountebanks in their deep, dark 8th Street dungeon, they were happy to take a break for an interview.

"Anything to keep us from playing another one," intoned Kiwi Tony, the bass player.

"So John," I said to Thaxton, the quintessential bike messenger troubadour, "Uh, How long..." "It's about 8 inches," the other John broke

in. Silvers should know all the vital stats— he's been playing with Thaxton for 8 years, not counting "a trial separation that didn't work out." Silvers' career began with rock legends the Sex Johnsons, the Dils, and (gulp) Chris Isaac. Mark P. Roj and Thaxton have long, seriously checkered musical histories too, to say nothing of street experience. Thaxton's been messaging "constantly" for 14 years.

"Let's do a P. Rojer song," rasps Thaxton enthusiastically. They raunch through the dramatic Persian Gulf epic "A Line in the Sand." "Next we'll do a blues number about Bosnia," says Tony. "Properly display our moral odor,"

adds Silvers. Next we're treated to the haunting "Free as the Way," which we're told is a "bourgeois country song."

One of the great things about the

Mountebanks is their high mobility, so catch 'em if you can. In addition to club gigs, they cover the party circuit impressively, using minimal gear. These guys have great songs and soul and have made many a party way more memorable. They need no excuse save the joy of rocking, the love of their friends, or even just beer and proj. You'll probably experience the **Mountebanks** when you least expect it.



Photo by Xander

Merc Music
CHANGING Sid
MEN'S CLUB **PROJ**

Messinger muskies back L.A. with full-length *Changeling* (have a hell new CD tape release, **the rashing bone**), a rock that's roughly metallic, rustic in feel, a little bit

Learn and the Project! I don't know how
possible. I'm not a fan of the word "learning" and
the word "Allmar" is in the title. I'm not
the word we're used to hearing from a school. I'm not
the word we're used to hearing from a school. I'm not
the word we're used to hearing from a school. I'm not

MensClub is ragin' the Pacific Northwest somewhere right now. They've also been recording with Pat Klemm at Mindfield. I heard some rough mixes which left me in shards.

L. Sid has some new members and is quite happenin' again I am happy to report. We just put down some tracks at Mindfield too and we're doing shows again.

Yesop and Matty's thing is now called Hickey, and they rock hilariously.

The fresh news in town is **The Joy of Six** featuring Queen Victoria, Belinda Von Valkenberg, Jill Hadley-Scott, Mandy, Chnsia, and yep...Dea "Broom Broom" Mann. They rocked the house unbelievably hard their first gig.

Of course **BiDi** are perennial favorites, and Tribe 8 are almost too famous to mention here, for good reasons.

If you know somethin' good that got left out, send stuff to our mailbox (see p.2). I haven't seen lean from Battery Point's hand yet and can't even remember their name, but I hear they're dope (what'd you expect?). Oh, and Dieselhead's the shit. Nuff said. Fur

INSIDE-CONTACT

Every time we like to share

some of the folks on the other side of the desk that we think are pretty cool.



Carlsson

podfather of the

Critical Mass, which

reverts to his graphics

studio and subterranean scene

center, Typesetting Etc., which has

runs with his partner, ex-messenger Jim

Support the Public Library in the 21st Century

Did you know you have a personal responsibility to protect your information?

and their daughter Franceson



CRITICAL MASS UPDATE June 1984
 & Woodstock Preserve the Environment
 Woodstock has recently experienced considerable growth in the past few years due to the donations by hundreds of thousands of dollars from the Joint Venture and other sources, including their independent relationship with the U.S. and public relations efforts at Woodstock. The major addition to the Woodstock Preserve is the acquisition of the 100-acre site of the old Woodstock State Hospital. The major addition to the Woodstock Preserve is the acquisition of the 100-acre site of the old Woodstock State Hospital. The major addition to the Woodstock Preserve is the acquisition of the 100-acre site of the old Woodstock State Hospital.

COLOMBIA GETS AROUND



Where there's less resources and consumerism, people find their own creative ways of moving and selling. Streets are given over to the highly mobile marketplace, and cars tend to get tangled up in it.

As we prepare for the necessary conversion of our economy, we in the North can learn a lot from Colombia.



"Zonras" carts and wagons that haul anything imaginable, like industrial soapbox racers. Where there are hills, folks drive them in traffic among the death monsters.

Jesus, a messenger in Cartagena



Every major Colombian city has bike messengers, but it's a whole different ball game from our scene.

Alvaro Hernandez rides through the barrio all night on this cool stingray blowing a whistle so every body knows he's there. Once a month he comes around to collect his pay. Viajante 435.



Heavy-duty vending bikes are everywhere. This fine unit is a Colombian "Cycloby".

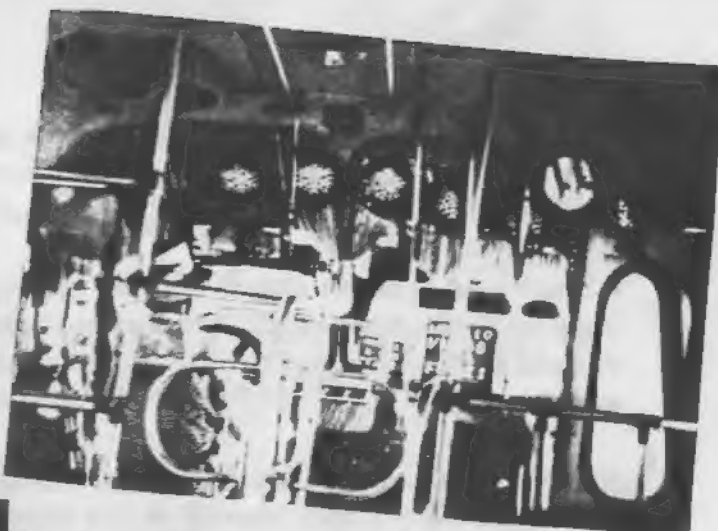


Fish vendor

iMules Rule!



composter



In-town busses are mostly owner-operated and customized with tons of macrame, stickers, artifacts. Killer stereos blast great music. The busses are ancient, so drivers are good mechanics.



The national railroad has been scrapped in the ill-advised rush to car-culture, so these fellas are making good use of the vacant tracks.



Smugglers use radios and pagers just like we do! I'll tell ya the whole story sometime...



← well-bribed cop
coke smugglers →
↓ us

it's early morning in north beach. the streets are paved with urine and bleach. i'm feeling real clean and safe. the porn feature is "glowing condoms".

a bride and groom have their picture snapped on the steps of silly hall. the man says, "i'm happy!" the woman says, "you should be!" -i almost fall down the stairs in rapture and dark sunglasses.

there's a naked man wandering old and withered up north point. (i swear i only stared at his sandals).

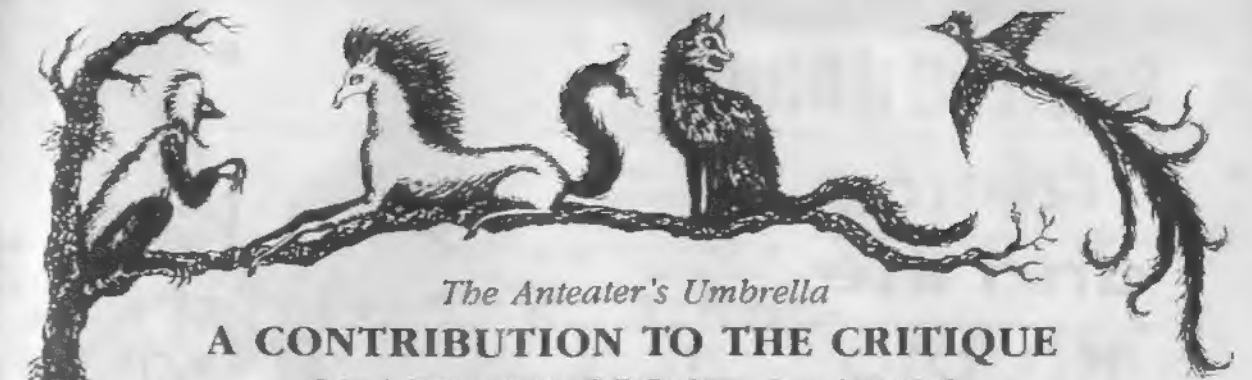
there's an aero messenger beating up cardboard boxes.

i bite my wrist
wrap myself in a blanket.
jump around on the street.
-with or without reason.

sometimes when i leave the phone my wheels track spit across the pavement,
i search the grounds for the purveyor,
identify the glossy lips i sneeze and shit i sneeze and shit.
he says-----go girrrrrrrl!-----go bitch!
i say-----hello handsommmmmmmmmme.

oh, please lets go fuck in yer trailer
drink cheap beer cause it tastes good.
beat each other
up with razors.

love, deb



The Anteater's Umbrella

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE CRITIQUE OF THE IDEOLOGY OF ZOOS

It is not without significance that animals in the zoo are captured and brought against their wills to this, the penitentiary of the instincts. The contemptible slavery that man too readily tolerates and allows to dominate human existence provokes an immediate revulsion, a profound disdain, a cataclysmic resistance among these animals of grace and savagery. It is only through the technological brutality of science in the service of oppression that the living are forced into a suspended death, in which dreams are deprived of the future they call forth, and sleep itself crumbles against the bars of destruction.

Here, in the zoo, in this place of hypnotic fascination, human beings come to see their own instincts caged and sterilized. Everything that is intrinsic to humankind, but smothered by capitalist society, reappears safely in the zoo. Aggression, sexuality, motion, desire, play, the very impulses to freedom are trapped and displayed for the alienated enjoyment and manipulation of men, women and children. Here is the harmless spectacle in which everything desired by human beings exists only to the degree that it is separated from the reality of human existence. The cages are merely the extensions of the cages that omnipotently infest the lives of all living beings. Here the animals are placed in the unnatural habitat of a society unnatural to itself.

The incandescent speed of cheetahs, the desperate prowling of leopards, the celestial fever of black swans, the immaculate laughter of seals, the absent-minded tumbling of marmosets, the cabalistic brooding of owls: These veritable emblems of grandeur are imprisoned, severed from the past and the future and turned into empty shells of a previous joy. All that has been natural and a source of pleasure, for animals, has been converted into the performative slavery of a

zoological bastille. Ability has been made the toil of suffering.

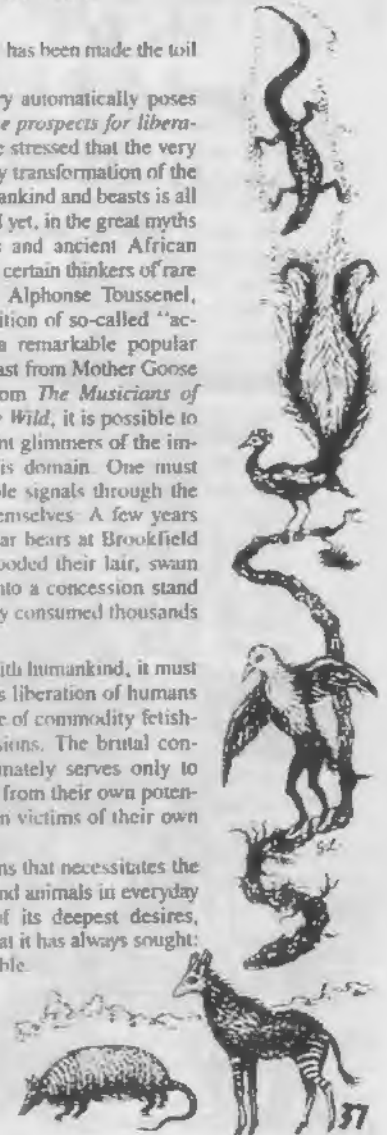
The condition of slavery automatically poses the question: *What are the prospects for liberation?* It hardly needs to be stressed that the very notion of the revolutionary transformation of the relationship between humankind and beasts is all but unthinkable today. And yet, in the great myths of the American Indians and ancient African cultures, in the writings of certain thinkers of rare genius (Charles Fourier, Alphonse Toussenel, John Ruskin), in the tradition of so-called "accursed" poetry and in a remarkable popular tradition that extends at least from Mother Goose to animated cartoons, from *The Musicians of Bremen* to *The Call of the Wild*, it is possible to perceive at least some faint glimmers of the immense possibilities in this domain. One must heed, too, the invulnerable signals through the flames by the animals themselves: A few years ago, for example, the polar bears at Brookfield Zoo, after heavy rains flooded their lair, swam across the moat, broke into a concession stand and frolicked about as they consumed thousands of marshmallows.

If enslavement begins with humankind, it must end with the simultaneous liberation of humans and animals from the yoke of commodity fetishism and narcissistic effusions. The brutal confinement of animals ultimately serves only to separate men and women from their own potentialities, and to make them victims of their own insidious barbarity.

It is the reality of dreams that necessitates the reintegration of humans and animals in everyday life. In the realization of its deepest desires, humanity will achieve what it has always sought: a universe of the incredible.

The Surrealist Group
of Chicago

Reissued 1989 (originally issued in 1971)
Drawing by Guni Loheland



by Lorenzo Levinger

Retro and the Krypto Kid

The helmet was designed to propel him, air would flow in through the front and be channelled in to two chambers where small jets would boost the energy flow, speeding him along once he had reached around 40 kph.

The Windpro™ helmet was one of the countless gadgets Retro had devised for the Kid, at his waist was slung an old nylon belt which hung low on his hip, due to the multiple pods, sacks, and hooks.

Pulling away from the Central Bank building, the Krypto Kid grabbed a small three-pronged hook and, tossing it at a bumper, which it seemed drawn to, he towed into a slowly passing cab. The cabbie, disgusted by the absence of a fare, increased his speed. A slender cable played out of the Kid's belt and began to pull him in behind. As soon as the Windpro™ helmet reached sufficient revolutions he pressed a button on the belt which caused the cable to retract as he came along-side the cab. With a quick jerk of the cable the hook released and recoiled back into its proper place at his side. In the same instant the Kid glimpsed the red light ahead and veered left at almost a right angle.

Back in the office, which was located behind the kitchen of a Chinese-American lunch place,

The Kid communicated his success to his crew.

"Did you plant it?" asked Bug as The Kid entered the room. "Well didya?"

Retro turned around in his console to face The Kid, "Yeah, they were so desperate for the disk that they booted up before I could get out of the damn office".

"No security scan?" asked Retro raising an eyebrow.

"They scanned the package at

one's even there."

"Well," said The Krypto Kid as he grabbed a donut out of Bugs' hand. "I got tags remember, and this operation is nowhere see, unless I'm getting in and out of these places legit, see?" The Kid stepped through the secret door that led from the office to the seldom used washroom at the back of the lunch place. Out front was the capsule of silvery light that kept his mount secure. As he approached he touched a key on his wrist computer and the silvery egg dissipated. He slung a leg over his unobtainium cycle and gave a few good kick-rounds on the pedals. Then he spotted an accelerating tour bus headed for the piers, he pulled from his belt a small disc which upon release affixed itself to the metallic painted trim beneath the crimson tinted windows. He was pulled along until the wind speed turned over the first mini jet in his helmet, a series of buzzing ignitions ensued and the messenger pulled forward and passed the moving box of meat, his mind focused on his next pick-up destination.

The address was flashing on his wrist-band computer. By touching a button a map came up on screen. He keyed another and a route appeared on the tiny map.



the door, but that condiment package shielded it from their sensors. I made the switch in the elevator after I passed security. As usual, Retro, your plan worked like a charm."

Retro smiled and spun around to face the several screens before him. The screens crackled with fuzz and then the image came up. The ubiquitous symbol of the Central Bank.

"Ah", he exclaimed "We're in!"

"That's the same bug chip you designed for the CIA satellite in the 90's," said Bug, inflecting his statement as if it were a question.

"I built that chip", Retro snarled bitterly, then more coolly he added, "They won't know this

Could It Be True?

Roses are Red.
Violets are Blue.
Shred to Wed!
what's it to you?

Congratulations!



SHAFTED

The elevator door slides open
—a single ragged figure darts inside
and puches the lobby button.

The smell of blue-collar sweat mingles
with Old Spice Chanel no5.

It's her, the chick who cut you off
on Folsom this morning with a
schoolgirl smile and a well-aimed loogie.
piercing glare nails you right in your place.

You're just another rat racer.
She's the gawdalmighty queen of traffic,
and she wouldn't have it any other way.
Going down, sucker.



Andy Boy's
DRUNK TANK
Cocktail Lounge

CHEAP BOOZE ALL THE TIME!
2 FLOORS!
2 POOL TABLES!
GET OUT OF JAIL FREE
OPEN 2PM-2AM

HAPPY HOUR! 4-8 PM \$1.50 drinks
NIGHTLY SPECIALS! \$1.50 drinks

POOL • PINBALL • DICE • DOMINOES
1884 MARKET ST. S.F. CA 94102 (415) 621-4343

BLACK DOG
Bicycle Delivery



San Francisco, Ca.
(415) 431-9286

ZEITGEIST
WARM BEER COLD WOMEN



VALENCIA AT DUBOCE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Not Responsible for Lost or Damaged Mirals

PEDAL REVOLUTION
COMMUNITY BICYCLE SALON



Open Seven Days
12-9PM

3075 22nd Street
(off S. Van Ness Ave.)
San Francisco CA 94110

415.641.1014
tax deductible donations accepted

FIXED GEAR
BICYCLE SALON



NEW LOCATION
SAME COOL SHIT!

121 SIXTH STREET - JUST DOWN FROM MISSION 415-512-9652

We Got Enough Quality Micro-Brews to Choke Any Messenger!

Golden Anchor

Golden Anchor Liquors

Gift Wrapping
Delivery Service

495 Davis Street
San Francisco CA 94111

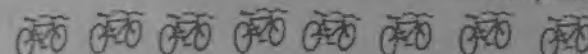


Conveniently Located at Jackson Park (That's Squeezed in between the Golden Gate & the Palace of Fine Arts)



Bicycle Messengers Mark the Death of a Compatriot

About 100 messengers gathered during rush hour last night at the intersection of West 22d Street and Avenue of the Americas to remember Paul Curry, a messenger who was killed by a bus on Wednesday. They marked the site with red paint before proceeding to Central Park.



International protest for the rights of the homeless & their supporters on the opening day of Keith McHenry's trumped-up felony trial. He faces two "Strikes" for supporting the rights of the poor.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1994

End the arrests and drop the charges on Food Not Bombs. Respect the rights of the homeless. Call for the protest near you.



FOOD NOT BOMBS

3145 Geary Blvd., #12, San Francisco, CA 94118 (415) 386-9209

